POEMS

BY

F. WEBB

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

POEMS

ON WISDOM

ON THE DEITY

ON GENIUS

By F. WEBB

———————— Quod si
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses;
Quò te cœlestis Sapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si Patriæ volumus, si Nobis vivere cari.

Hor. Epist. l. 1 Ep. iii.

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ON WISDOM

Nam SAPIENTIAM quidem ipſam quis negare poteſt non modo re eſſe antiquam, verúm etiam nomine? quæ divinarum humanatumque rerum, tum initiorum, cauſarumque cujúſque rei cognitione hoc pulcherrimum nomen apud Antiquos aſſequebatur.

Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt. l. 5.

PREFACE

ON the attentive perusal of the works of Wise Men in all Ages of the World, we shall evidently perceive, that on all great and interesting subjects, their opinions and sentiments have been nearly the same: and also, that sublime subjects have begotten sublime speculations and descriptions. And as the Supream Being, and Divine Wisdom, are the most sublime objects of Contemplation, on these exalted subjects have the most exalted and sublime things been said. And whatever merit the eminent Philosophers, especially the divine PLATO, might have; yet every unprejudiced mind must readily allow an incomparable excellence in the sacred Writings. And it is reasonable to suppose, as there are strong grounds for the conjecture, that the Ancients, especially PLATO, VIRGIL, and OVID*, had perused the sacred Authors. The

* Of this Poet Grotius remarks—*Verbis ad Mosen proxime accedentibus.*

The Great Critic LONGINUS, in his celebrated Treatiſe on the *Sublime*, adduces one remarkable illuſtration from the Deſcription Moſes gives of the Creation, in theſe few words—*God ſaid, let there be light, and light was.*——Admirably deſcribing the effect of the Almighty fiat, and the ſpeaking all things into exiſtence by a ſingle word.——By the way, this is a remarkable inſtance to prove, that the ſublimeſt Deſcription may conſiſt of the greateſt ſimplicity. In the preſent caſe the ſimplicity alone conſtitutes the ſublimity. There is an inſtance of the ſame kind in the deſcription of the Rainbow, in the Book of Eccleſiaſticus; and for this reaſon the Author has in the Poem retain'd nearly the very words of it, eſpecially in the laſt line:

The hands of the Moſt High have bended it.

But there is One among many others of the ſublimeſt Deſcriptions that ever were penn'd, in the BOOK of WISDOM, which though differing ſomewhat from that above mention'd, tranſcends all others,

ancient

ancient and modern, which, in his humble opinion, the Author ever found in any Book whatever, Homer not excepted. It is in the 18th Chapter, deſcribing the two Plagues of Egypt the preternatural Darkneſs, and death of their Children. This ſublime deſcription is as follows:—*For while all things were in quiet ſilence, and that Night was in the midſt of her ſwift courſe, thy Almighty Word leapt down from Heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce Man of Battle, into the midſt of a land of Deſtruction, and brought thine unfeigned Commandment as a ſharp ſword, and ſtanding up filled all things with death; and it touched the Heaven, but it ſtood upon the Earth.*——There needs no Comment on this Deſcription to point out it's excellence and ſublimity. Perhaps to this we owe the famous line of Virgil's,

Ingrediturque ſolo et caput inter nubila condit,

in his celebrated deſcription of Fame. However this may be, there is nothing like it beſides in all Antiquity.

Always

Always ſtruck, and delighted as often as he hath read the exalted and ſublime deſcriptions of WISDOM in the ſacred Writings, the Author was led to the deſign and attempt of collecting theſe noble pieces, and ſcatter'd fragments, and forming them into a whole; which he has endeavour'd to do with as little variation, and deviation as poſſible: To effect this however, it was neceſſary to introduce what may be call'd the Machinery of this ſmall piece. But this he has done with a ſtrict adherence to the ſpirit of the great originals; which not only ſeem to allow, but to lead to ſuch, if not greater amplifications than he has actually made. But doing all with a trembling hand while he bow'd with veneration before theſe great Maſters of Wiſdom, he ventured at no more; claiming candor, and gracious allowance, for what he has attempted.

Perhaps ſome apology, or vindication might ſeem neceſſary for the Author's adopting, and inforcing in each of the following pieces the great Doctrine of *Divine Aſſimilation*, which is ſo often urg'd and

enlarged

enlarged upon by ancient Philoſophers, eſpecially by PLATO, and his followers; who taught, *That their wiſe Man alone was fortunate, above want, ſelf-ſufficient, happy and perfect.* And Plato in his Theætetus makes the great object of our endeavours to be, the becoming *like* to GOD, *as far as in our power.* Which reſemblance he ſays is, *becoming juſt and holy, along with Wiſdom and Prudence.*

When we conſider the conſonancy of this Doctrine with that explicit precept of the moſt perfect, authorative and divine Teacher the World was ever bleſſed withal, *Be ye perfect as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect*; we have only to wonder at the conſonancy and ſublimity of the Doctrine, which, inforc'd by ſuch Authority, makes any apology and vindication unneceſſary; and preſents to our minds the nobleſt view of our intelligent nature, and duty, which can be conceived; and alſo the moſt powerful motive to Virtue and Holineſs, by which the practice and attainment of them can be inforced.

11 . 7 . 19

TO

THE REVEREND DR. THOMAS JACKSON

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS IN ORDINARY

PREBENDARY OF WESTMINSTER, &c. &c.

DEAR SIR

THE Approbation with which you have been pleas'd to honour these little Pieces justly entitles you to this address. But I venture, without your permission, to inscribe this to you, as a token of the real esteem, respect, and friendship which I have for you, and your character.

However we may differ in some speculative points, yet true Philosophy, in concurrence with the spirit of our holy Religion, which you so ably and zealously defend and inforce, teaches Us candor, reconciliation, and friendship: And We find our speculative differences easily settled, or intirely forgotten, in the walk of the PORTICO, or in the Groves of the ACADEMY.

I am,

with great respect, sincerity, and friendship,

DEAR SIR,

your much obliged

and faithful humble Servant,

F. WEBB.

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R. WARB.

B

WISDOM

I Sing of WISDOM—She, who erſt the Sun
Pour'd forth his flood of Glory, or the Moon,
His Siſter mild, her ſoft effulgent beam;
Or ere the ſtarry hoſts in juſt array
Th' ALMIGHTY marſhal'd thro' the boundleſs Plains
Of th' EMPYREUM, in the boſom dwelt
Of the ETERNAL——trembling in her flight,
My Muſe beyond the confines of this World
Advent'rous ſtretches, and ſhakes off the dews
Of this Terrene, which oft upon her plumes,
Her heav'nly flight reſtraining, heavy lay.
Nor deigns ſhe to invoke terreſtrial aid,
Or waſh her in the fam'd Caſtalian fount;
But, riſing 'bove th' Aönian Mount, would draw
The pureſt breath of Heav'n, thoſe airs divine
Which Angels breathe, and breathing reap their joys,
And in their joys feel Immortality.

O! Thou OMNIPOTENT! whoſe ſov'reign word
Spake all things into being, by whoſe breath
Angels, and Men, and every Creature, live;
Whoſe hand-almighty holds the boundleſs frame
In union undiſſolv'd—whoſe parent Eye
Survey'd thy works, whoſe word pronounc'd them good;
Irradiate my Mind!—exalt my Soul!
And Wiſdom, who was with Thee when Thou mad'ſt
Thy mighty works, and knew thy ſov'reign Mind,
Send from thine holy heav'n, and from the Throne
Of thine eternal Glory*—Me to teach,
Me to inſtruct, inſpire—for She alone
Can Inſpiration give to ſing her praiſe.

For how ſhall Mortal, in Corruption clad†
And in conjecture wiſe alone, preſume
"Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns to penetrate,"
Thy Counſels learn, and trace thy ſacred ways,
Unleſs thy Spirit purify the Mind,
And clear the miſts of Paſſion, and of Senſe,
And with the dews of Heav'n anoint the Eye,
And purge it with celeſtial Euphraſy?

Say Spirit of thyſelf, Eſſential Truth!
Whence, and what art Thou?—by what ſacred name

The

* Book of Wiſdom, Ch. ix. v. 9, 10.
† Id. v. 15, 16, 17.

The Hierarchies of heav'n, when They ſurround
Th' Almighty Throne, veiling each face divine,
Unable to ſuſtain, with fixed eye,
Th' inſufferable glory beaming round,
Bending in homage low to hymn his praiſe,
Do They Thee call, whom Men call WISDOM here?

Is it her ſacred voice itſelf that ſpeaks?
Or that pure Spirit's, who, on OREB's Mount,
Or on the burning SINAI, did inſpire
The mighty CHIEF, and in JEHOVAH's name
Promulgated his Law?—or voice of him
Who toucht the choſen Prophet's lips with fire
From off the ſacred Altar?—'Tis Her voice:
The ſame which He who built God's Temple heard
From out his Glory calling him her Son.
And He, the Son of Sirach, heard her voice,
As mournfully he ſtray'd among the Palms
Of deſolated Judah, when her Sons
Were captive led, her Prophets in the grave.

And this her ſacred word—ME firſt of all,
From the beginning of his ways, THE LORD,
Before his mighty works of old, poſſeſt.
With Him upon his Throne of State I ſat.

From

From everlaſting, ere the Earth was form'd,
Or ere created was the mighty Deep,
Or living Fountains flow'd, was I brought forth.
Before the Mountains ſtretcht their lofty heads
And kiſst the bending Clouds, or little Hills
In riſing beauty ſmil'd on ev'ry ſide;
Or ere the Earth's foundations firm were laid,
Or golden harveſts wav'd upon her plains,
I liv'd with the ETERNAL—ME He call'd
When in his ſov'reign Counſel He prepar'd
The Heav'n's, and ſtretcht their Canopy abroad,
And with Their glory compaſſed the World:
When He decree'd it's laws unto the Deep,
And, by his word, reſtrain'd it's raging flood,
Faſt by his Throne I ſtood, His chief delight,
Rejoicing always in his gladſome ſmile.*

There had I ever ſtay'd, had not his word
Of ſov'reign mandate ſent Me willing forth,
With high commiſſion'd Meſſage down to Earth,
Among the Sons of Men to teach His ways.

'Twas on that Day, when from his mighty work
Of the Creation He withdrew his hand

Into

* Book of Proverbs, Ch. viii. v. 22—31.

Into his ſacred boſom, there to reſt,
And ſmiling on his works, pronounc'd them good;
While all the flaming Hoſt of Heav'n who ſtood
Hymning his praiſe around his ſtedfaſt Throne,
In adoration from their radiant locks
Unbound, and on the ſaphire pavement caſt
Of Heav'n, their Crowns of gold beſet with Stars,
He call'd Me near Him:—Daughter of my Throne!
(And nam'd Me by my ſacred Name in Heav'n,)
Now firſt to be diſſever'd, caſt thine Eye,
Thine Eye that ſcans the workings of my hand,
Downward, and view the World which late I form'd
See there my Sons, form'd in the image fair
Which in my Mind ſupream I had conceiv'd;*
But one degree beneath the Angels made:
In ſtature fair, in features half divine:
With brow erect to lift their Eyes to Heav'n.†

I breath'd

* Ὁ γὰρ Δημιουργὸς, ποιῶν πάντα ἔχει παρ' ἑαυτῷ τὰ, πάντων παραδείγματ' Ποίημα Θεῖ λογικὸν καὶ εἰκόνα γινομενον τῷ κλίσαντι αὐτὸς. Greg. Nyſſen.

Res Omnes comparantur ad Divinum Intellectum, ſicut artificata ad Artem. Aquinas.

The Ancients ſpeak fully and ſublimely on this Doctrine: See a curious Note on this Subject in the works of the able, and learned Mr. Harris. Hermes, p. 437. &c.

† Os Homini ſublime dedit; Cœlumq. tueri
Juſſit; et erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus. Ovid.

I breath'd the ſpirit that informs their clay,*
Exalted, pure, ætherial, divine.†
I made them like to Gods‡—and from Myſelf,||
My unimpaired Eſſence§ have breath'd forth
The Spirit of my Wiſdom, and of Truth,
To raiſe, refine, direct, and animate;
To lead Man to the knowledge of Himſelf,
His make, his being, duty, and his end.
Duty to Me, his Fellows, and himſelf.
Go! and to Man my ſacred Laws announce,
That He, my Creature, can alone in Me,
His Maker, Friend, his Father, and his God,
Find happineſs ſupream: and by the path,
Which Thou alone canſt lead him, will he find

Firm

* Igneus eſt ollis vigor, et cœleſtis Origo. Ὄρθον μ᾽ αρ ἐστι μόνον τῶν ζῴων διὰ τὸ τῶν φύσιν ἀυτῷ καὶ τῶν ὑσιαν εἶναί θείαν. Ariſt. de part. Animalium. l. 4. Ch. x.

† Divinæ particula auræ. Macrobius de Som. Scip. ἀπασπασμα θεῦ. Philo.

‡ Συγγενεῖς θεῦ. Greg. Nyſſen. θειον ὁ νοῦς. Ariſt. And Seneca. Liber Animus et Diis cognatus. And St. Paul, citing the Poet Aratus; Τοῦ γάρ καὶ γενος ἐσμεν.

|| Quid alius vocas animum quâm Deum in humano corpore hoſpitantem. Seneca.—And again:

Hoc habet animus argumentum ſuæ divinitatis, quod illum divina delectant.

§ All the Ancient Philoſophers ſpeak highly of the dignity of Man, not only of the ſtructure of his Body excelling all other Creatures; but more eſpecially of his Soul—They repreſent it as an emanation from the Divine Mind—a ray from the Divine Intelligence: and as PHILO elegantly expreſſes himſelf, Σημειωθεν καὶ τυποθεν σφραγιδι θεῦ.

Firm peace, fixt joy, and unalloyed bliſs;
Peace without danger, joy without regret.
Unfold my ſettl'd purpoſe to his view;
Proclaim thy nature, boaſt thine heav'nly birth:
Diſplay thy treaſures to his mental eye.
Say, if above the ſordid views of ſenſe,
And paſſions baſe of his corporeal part,
He aim at good ſupream, that thou wilt lead
Him midſt green paſtures of Celeſtial Bliſs,
And the clear placid ſtreams of calm delight;
And then reſtore him to his native ſeat
To feaſt on fruits of Immortality,
In God's own Paradiſe that ever bloom;
And drink his fill from Rivers of Delight
That flow faſt by th' eternal Throne of God.
Go! then—and with Thee take that radiant Form
Who on her boſom bears my ſacred mark
Of her pure nature, Light's irradiate Source;
And be your viſit fortunate to Man.

Th' Almighty ſpake——as when the morning Sun
(If heav'nly things to Earth's we may compare)
On this Terrene riſing to bleſs the World
Shines on the Clouds diſparting all around,
And opens all his glories, while on them
He caſts his heav'nly ſplendor, and illumes

Their face on ev'ry ſide: ſo from the Throne
Of inexhauſted Glory ſhone there forth
Rays of divine complacence, which begat
New day in Heav'n — ſo ſmiles th' ALMIGHTY SIRE.

On either hand retir'd the mighty Hoſt
Of Hierarchies ſurrounding — as they ſtood,
New luſtre beam'd from each angelic face
As from the Throne the flood of glory pour'd.
Then meekly bowing to the high beheſt
In lowlieſt homage, from his radiant ſide,
Where for eternal Ages I had ſat,
I ſlow deſcended, and in robes of light
TRUTH met me at the Threſhold of his Throne.

Then 'gan each Spirit elect his golden harp,
Strung to immortal harmony, to tune
The great Creator's praiſe — next mine they ſang
By his command: nor ceas'd th' angelic ſtrain
Till thro' the cryſtal Gates of Heav'n I paſs'd,
And ceas'd to breathe the airs of Paradiſe.
And lo! obedient to the high beheſt,
Left my high ſeat of Glory, I appear,
With robes unſoil'd by the dank dews of Earth,
For I am cloth'd with Immortality,
To teach to Man the wond'rous ways of God.

To

To you O Men! I call — Ye Sons of Men!
'Tis WISDOM calls, and hearken to my voice.*
Hear! for I ſpeak of things moſt excellent: †
And from my lips the words of Righteouſneſs,
Far ſweeter than the honey'd dews that fall
On HEBRON's Mount, ſhall fall upon that Soul
Who willing gives me audience. I'll unlock ‡
The ſacred ſtores of Knowledge — Mines unfold
Of Treaſure inexhauſtible — more rich
Than Æthiopian Topaz — and the gold
Thrice purified, with Me ſhall not compare. §
The Ruby and the Diamond ſhall fade,
And loſe their luſture ſoon as I appear.
Strength, Counſel, Underſtanding, All are mine: ‖
And I am his by whom the Mighty reign,
By whom the Sov'reigns of the Earth decree.
If ought of Beauty, or of order, charm,
I boaſt immortal beauty: and the fair,
The great, the good, which thro' his mighty works
Th' Almighty hath pour'd forth, my ſacred Light
To ev'ry mortal eye that ſeeks, ſhall ſhew.

* Eccleſiaſtes, Ch. xxiv. v. 3 – 5. Prov. Ch. viii. v. 4. † Id. v. 6.
‡ Job, Ch. vii. v. 9. § Ch. viii. v. 10 and 19.
‖ Book of Wiſdom, Ch. vii. v. 10.

The mighty frame of this ſtupendous World,
The Sun's fixt Centre, and the rolling Orbs,
Which, by th' almighty word their circuits keep;
The Comet's fiery track thro' endleſs ſpace,
And all the operations of the World,
From the beginning to the end of Time;
The change of Seaſons, and the golden chain
That links the Year, and leads the Ages on
And joins them to Eternity; the Laws
Of that exalted Harmony which reigns
Throughout the whole, and tunes the heav'nly ſpheres;
In theſe inſtructed, I will Men inſtruct:
For, from the mouth of the moſt High I came,
And like a mighty Cloud o'erſpread the Earth:
My feet have walkt, and trod the mighty Deep.*
Thron'd on the ſailing clouds, have I ſurvey'd
The Magazines of Snow, Hail, Wind, and Rain;
Saw where the Tempeſts ſleep, till by the word
Of the Almighty forth their Chariots come,
Shake the firm Heav'ns, and deſolate the World.
Then ſmiling at the gracious promiſe made
To Man in NOAH, I triumphant mount
The fœd'ral Bow, and from that gracious Arch
Where ſacred Light in brede myſterious wove,
Hath pour'd forth all it's ſplendors, and unites

In

* Book of Wiſdom, Ch. vii. v. 17—19.

In harmony divine it's ſcatter'd beams,
I hail with joy the renovated World.

Look on this mighty Bow! — It's Maker praiſe!
How beautiful and ſplendid it appears!
With what a glorious Circle it begirts
The azure concave of the vaulted ſky!
The hands of the Moſt High have bended it.*

Theſe are his mighty works, and theſe his ways:
And theſe his mighty works, and theſe his ways
I Wiſdom teach to Man — and gladly teach,
Rejoicing in my taſk; for Man I love:
Him loves the ſov'reign Mind — for God is love.
And from the boſom of eſſential Love
Did I proceed — for ev'ry perfect gift,
And what can Love deny? proceeds from Him,
"In whom all live, and move, and have their being."

Hail! ſov'reign Goodneſs! indefective Source
Of Being and of Good, all Gracious! hail!

His praiſes too are mine — I praiſe myſelf
In the Creator, for his Child I am.
I go before his pow'r, and ſeek my reſt
In habitations where his honor dwells.

Tranſ-

* Eccleſiaſticus, Ch. xliii. v. 11 and 12.

Transplanted from the Paradise of God,
Firm root I take, if weeded be the soil,
In this terrestrial mould, which God himself
Will deign to make his own Inheritance.
Here, like a Cedar on proud LEBANUS,
Or as a Cypress on fair HERMON's Mount,
Or Palm-Tree in ENGADDI,* I shall grow:
And sweeter than the Rose-Plant that perfumes
The plains of JERICHO, I shall enrich
The Country all around; with verdure grace,
More than the living Olive, or the Plane,
Planted on side of the translucent stream,
Each Region where my fruitful branches spread.
Odor more grateful shall my fragrance yield
Than fam'd Aspalathus, or Myrrh, or Balm
That GILEAD boasted, or the Frankincense
Which from the sacred Tabernacle rose,
And bore to Heav'n the Incense of perfume.†
My branches blooming with immortal fruit,
Court ev'ry hand. Unlike that fatal Tree
Erst planted in the Paradise where God
Plac'd our first Parents, guarded all around

With

* The Author has taken the liberty of transfering this Description, which the wise Son of Sirach gives of himself when tutur'd by Wisdom, to Wisdom herself: and he hopes the liberty will be pardon'd when it is consider'd to what use he has applied the transposition.

† Eccles. Ch. xxiv. v. 13—17.

With ſacred Inderdiction, Woe, and Death;
Fair indeed like that, and good to ſight,
It's precious fruitage; but no curſe attends:
Here *eat*, and *live*, the glorious promiſe ſays,
And riſe thro' Death to Immortality.
A balm my fruit to the primæval Curſe
Kindly affords — it cures the former wound,
In a new EDEN blooms without a curſe,
Cancels the judgment, wipes out the Decree
Of *duſt to duſt*, and ſays, from EARTH to HEAV'N.
Such potent Virtues, by his LAW of GRACE,
To WISDOM's fruit th' ALMIGHTY hath aſſign'd.

Then ſeek Me — for my glory never fades.
SCEPTRES, and THRONES, and DOMINATIONS fail,
But *my* DOMINION ever ſhall endure.
Nor will I ſhun your ſeeking, for I come
With forward ſtep, and court your fond embrace;
Nay, I prevent you in your ſuit, and firſt
I offer parley, firſt make known myſelf;*
Nor fear I imputation, for my charms
Can captivate alone the virtuous Mind,
Souls freed from groſs of Senſe, ſublim'd, and pure:
And ſuch ſhall find me ſitting at their gate
Demanding entrance —— and to Them I come

Like

* Book of Wiſdom, Ch. vi. v. 12—23.

Like thoſe fair Angels who were entertain'd
By him, the Patriarch who was righteous nam'd.

Mark by what happy progreſs I will lead
My willing Vot'ries to the ſeat of Bliſs!

By Diſcipline, and Diſcipline alone,
Virtue is form'd, eſtabliſhed, confirm'd.
My firſt fruit is *deſire* of Diſcipline,
The care of this, is Love, and mighty Love
Leads to the due obedience of my Laws:
And this of INCORRUPTION gives the pledge;
And INCORRUPTION makes Us near to GOD:
Nearneſs to God, alone can form our bliſs,
And give the reliſh to Eternity.*

Thus do I magnify my heav'n-born ſelf;
And boaſt alliance to the PARENT MIND:
Boaſt no leſs of his Counſels than his Love.
If Riches pleaſe, more durable than mine
Cannot be found. Inſolvent Nature ſays,
They're not in Me: then Prudence calls aloud,
Seize on thoſe Riches Wiſdom only gives,
Where Avarice is Virtue, which the more
Unlike the droſs of Earth, you ardent wiſh,

The

* Book of Wiſdom, Ch. vi. v. 12—23.

The more you ſhall poſſeſs, the more enjoy.
Then ſhall the lib'ral Virtues in my train,
PRUDENCE and JUSTICE, FORTITUDE and HOPE,
Joyful Attendants wait; nor leave my ſide,
Till MAN ſtand *perfect*, WISDOM ſtand *abſolv'd*.*

And this her ſov'reign, comprehenſive word:
Ye Sons of Men! attend it, and be wiſe.

The awful Fear of God, which works by Love,
That Fear which reverend Virtue always feels,
That Fear which true Religion can inſpire,
Alone is Wiſdom — And all "*Wiſdom's ways*
"*Are ways of pleaſantneſs, and paths of peace.*"

Thus Wiſdom ſpake to JESSE's ſecond Son,
To SIRACH, and the PATRIARCHS of old.
And thus her high commiſſion She unfolds,
Stampt with eternal TRUTH's authentic Seal.——

Breath of the Power of God! Wiſdom eterne!
Of th' Almighty's glory influence pure!
Light from eſſential Glory uncreate!
Unſpotted Mirror of th' eternal Might,

 And

* Prov. Chap. viii. v. 6—8.

And image of his goodness!* I invoke
Thy ever sacred Name.—— O! bend thine Ear
Propitious to thy Vot'ry's ardent pray'r!

As from Himself th' Almighty sent Thee forth,
Pure beam of Intellect; so, from Thyself,
Breathe forth thy sov'reign influence on my Mind.
Teach Me the GOOD, the PERFECT, and the FAIR.
Of ACT the *fair*, and *good*—— the perfect end
Of Being†—and the mighty plan unfold,

Which

* Book of Wisdom, Ch. vii. v. 25 and 26.

† The Ancients taught, That not only every Being had an end to which it tended; but that every one was an end to itself. And Aristotle says, that the ETERNAL and DIVINE, is what all beings desire, and to which they tend by their very nature. And instances this in the Creation, wherein, though the Individuals perish, the Species remains; and partake of a kind of Incorruptibility and an eternal duration. So that *All* THINGS tend to GOD, as they, agreeable to their nature and condition, partake of the divine Mind. That as to the human Mind, and the end of being, this can only find it's *true, natural* pleasure and delight in contemplating the divine Mind, and forming Ourselves to the divine likeness. According to Diogenes Laertius, *The Virtue of a happy Man, and the felicity of human Life is this, when all things are transacted in harmony of a Man's Genius, and the will of Him who administers the* WHOLE. That this will was happiness; and that Virtue was the only means of happiness: that therefore our happiness must consist in *willing* the same as the Great Administrator meaneth for Us.—This was what the Stoics meant by living according to *Nature*, or our *constitution*. This was Plato's sublime doctrine of divine assimilation. Thus it was that the happiness of their perfect Man was said to resemble the happiness of the Gods; first, as it was in his own power—next, as it was durable, and independant, and of which no external Accident could deprive him. And were it possible to complete the Character (and we must ever aim at it's completion), all they have taught, and said, however exalted or extravagant to some it may appear, will not, we presume, when thus explained, appear exaggerate or excessive.

Which in the bosom of the SOV'REIGN MIND
Deep hid, concealed lies from Eyes profane,
To none discover'd save the favour'd few
Whose unpolluted breasts, and spirit'al taste,
Give Thee a fit reception, and from Thee
Drink Inspiration, Knowledge, Truth divine:
And as They drink, grow half immortal here.
But Thou art all immortal, holy, pure;
Integrity itself without alloy.
Simple in self, yet manifold in works,
In operation *infinite*, tho' ONE:
Image of the CREATOR INFINITE.
Sublime in working — manifest in deed.
Stedfast of Nature, yet, by influence,
Quicker than motion of an Angel's Mind,
Or rapid pulse of Time's unceasing Wing.
Collected in Thyself, and tho' but ONE,
Grasping the mighty WHOLE, renewing all:
Ent'ring the holy Soul, and with thy Seal
Of heav'nly impress, stamp'st the image fair
Of the ETERNAL MIND on Sons of Earth;
Making them PROPHETS, and the SONS of GOD.*
On Me impress this token, and this seal:

 That,

* Book of Wisdom, Ch. vii. v. 22—29.

That, like to holy Souls deſcrib'd by HIM
Who ſaw the APOCALYPS, myſelf, may bear
That mark divine by which HIS Saints are known,
The GREAT AMEN—The FIRST—The LAST of ALL.

FINIS.

ON THE DEITY

Ἀλλὰ φρὴν ἱερὴ, καὶ ἀθέσφατος· ἔπλετο μῦνον,
Φρεντίσι κόσμον ἅπαλλα καταίσσουσα θοῆσι.

Emped.

TO

DR. JOHN BAYLY

OF

CHICHESTER, SUSSEX.

DEAR SIR

I hope you will pardon the liberty I take of inſcribing to you the following Poem. In doing this I pay a compliment to myſelf, when I ſay, I am encouraged thereto by a long, uninterrupted Friendſhip; during which, I have experienced that diſintereſted goodneſs, which, with other excellent qualities, make you equally honor'd, and reſpected.

If, as the Roman Orator obſerves, We approach by nothing nearer to the Deity than by beſtowing health on our fellow Mortals, you have to enjoy that exalted ſatisfaction. And in this, as well as in other acts of goodneſs, you muſt find conſolation, and alleviation of thoſe pains, which the laborious exertion in the favour of others have brought upon yourſelf.

That your health may be reſtor'd, and your life long continu'd as a bleſſing to the World in general, and to your Friends in particular, is the ſincere and ardent prayer of,

Dear Sir,
your very affectionate Friend,
and obliged humble Servant,
F. WEBB.

TO

DR. JOHN BAYLY

OF

CHICHESTER, SUSSEX.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will pardon the liberty I take of inscribing to you the following Poem. In doing this I pay a compliment to myself, when I say, I am encouraged thereto by a long, uninterrupted Friendship; during which, I have experienced that disinterested goodness, which, with other excellent qualities, make you equally honor'd, and respected.

If, as the Roman Orator observes, We approach by nothing nearer to the Deity than by bestowing health on our fellow Mortals, you have to enjoy that exalted satisfaction. And in this, as well as in other acts of goodness, you truly find consolation, and alleviation of those pains, which the laborious exertion in the favour of others have brought upon yourself.

That your health may be restor'd; and your life long continu'd as a blessing to the World in general, and to your Friends in particular, is the sincere and ardent prayer of,

Dear Sir,

your very affectionate Friend,

and obliged humble servant,

T. WARR.

OF DEITY

BEING of Beings! * Universal Lord!
All comprehending! all enliv'ning Mind!
Whom but to name is awful; whom to praise,
The Seraphs' glory, and the Angels' bliss:
May I unblam'd invoke thy sacred Name,
While humbly bending in prostration meet,
Thy Goodness I adore, and join the song
Of Universal Nature in thy praise?
Unblam'd I may, when Nature all around
In works majestic owns thy sov'reign hand,

Excites

* Καὶ αὐτὸ δὴ τὸ εἶναι ἐκ τοῦ προόντος, καὶ ἀυλῶ ἐστι δὴ τὸ εἶναι; καὶ οὐκ ἀυλὸς τοῦ εἶναι, καὶ ἐν αὐτῶ ἐστι τὸ εἶναι, καὶ οὐκ ἀυλὸς ἐν τῶ εἶναι, καὶ αὐτὸν ἔχει τὸ εἶναι, καὶ οὐκ αὐτὸς ἔχει τὸ εἶναι.

Dionys. Areopag. de Divin. Nom.
Vide etiam Proclum in Plat. Theol. l. 2. cap. 4.

Ἐν δὴ ταύτῃ τῇ χορείᾳ, κάθορᾶ πηγὴν μὲν ζωῆς, πηγὴν δὴ νῶ, ἀρχὴν ὄντος, ἀγαθῶ αἰτίαν, ῥίζαν ψυχῆς οὐκ ἐκχεομένων ἀπ' αὐτοῦ εἰτ' ἐκείνων ἐλαττουντων.

Plotinus Enn. 6. l. 9. c. 9.

Excites our wonder, and demands the Song,*
No leſs from Man on this dull ſoil of Earth,
Than from the Myriads which ſurround thy Throne
Of Spirits bleſt in Regions of Delight.
Man is thine Offspring — Angels are no more.
The ſame informing breath inſpir'd our Clay
As with immortal vigor rais'd their being;
And, 'ſtead of forms corporeal, them endu'd
With robes of Light, and Immortality.

Say Spirits elect! Ye flaming Miniſters!
Who hear his Counſel, and perform his word,
Who neareſt ſtand, if near, or in degree
Ought can be ſaid of Him, the perfect Mind!
Where his out-going footſteps ſhall we trace?
Where end our deep reſearches? — If with wing
Of Heav'n's own Morning, and with rapid flight,
Swift as it's darting beams, we circuit wide,
Where ſhall we find him? — But where find him not?
What tho' amidſt your ſainted Thrones in Heav'n
More ſplendid proofs ariſe, more glories ſhine?
Yet, here on Earth, through all his various works,
His mighty hand appears, his Spirit breathes:
And the ſame ſmile that lighten'd into bliſs

Th' an-

* ——— Deum namq; ire per omnes
Terraſq; Tractuſq; Maris Cœlumq; profundum, &c.

Th' angelic hoſt, and makes new day in heav'n,
In milder radiance, ſuch as Man can bear,
Brightens this nether World with all it's charms,
And Mortals gladdens, while it Angels cheers.
Hail! then ye kindred Minds! bleſt Spirits! hail!
We join our ſong with your's — our God the ſame,
From the ſame hand our being, the ſame Mind;
(For from the Parent Mind did All proceed.)
The ſame our bliſs; for in the Parent Mind,
Angels, and Men, alone can find their joy.

Then triumph Man! Thy God above all praiſe,
Tranſcendant in his glory, far above
The moſt exalted ſtretch of angel thought,
As comprehenſion of Man's feeble pow'rs,
Leaves all beneath him equal when compar'd:
To whom, when All compar'd, than Nothing leſs.

And what the Parent Mind, Perfection what?
None but th' all perfect Parent Mind can know.
All inacceſſible the Eternal One,
Involving all perfection ſhall remain,
As from the firſt, ſo to the laſt of time.
Yet Minds, in pow'r aſcending, Orders bright,
Orders above this ſublunary Sphere,
May trace, purſue, and ev'ry moment learn

More of the Great Creator: yet the taſk
Remains the ſame — to the aſtoniſht ſight
Infinity th' interminable field
Of Contemplation opes — An Angel's ken,
And flight too weak to reach a certain end.

Thus, ever riſing, all created Minds,
With energy unceaſing move, the lot
Of all created Beings — While aloft,
The ſov'reign Mind on his eternal Throne,
Dark with exceſs of brightneſs, awful ſits
In glory unapproachable, and veils
His face from Angels' viſion — Awful ſits
Pure Intellect contemplating himſelf,*
Himſelf involving all of Great, and Good,
And finds a bliſs as perfect as himſelf.
No wants can urge him, and no pow'r controul:
Nought can impair, nought add unto his bliſs.
His Energy his will — His will the Law

Of

* "If we may be allow'd to conjecture with a becoming reverence, what more likely "than a perpetual Energy of the pureſt Intellect about the firſt all comprehenſive "Objects of Intellection, which Objects are no other than that Intellect itſelf? For in "pure intellection it holds the reverſe of all Senſation, that the Perceiver, and Thing "perceived, are always one and the ſame."

See Harris's Hermes, p. 301.

Of Universal Nature —— Hence his Name:
And hence his perfect happiness call'd REST.*

Yet

* It is matter of curious and important speculation to contemplate on our own imperfect Natures, as compared to the divine Nature. The whole of Man, respecting both his Body and Mind, consists in motion. The Deity is ever at perfect rest.—Motion implies imperfection. It is change: whatever changes by compulsion is weak—whatever from will, is infirm; and so far as it moves to evade an Evil, or accomplish a Good, restless and unhappy.——To a Being of infinite perfections, this can never be the case.—Immobility and Immutability are the necessary result of perfect happiness, and perfect power: and from these, the spirituality, impassivity, and incorruptibility, and other divine perfections necessarily flow.—Thus it evidently appears, that as we advance in wisdom and happiness, we approach towards a settled serenity, tranquility, and repose. And on the other hand; the more serene and tranquil we are, the more happy.——Consult Harris's Philosoph. Arrang. p. 448, and onwards.

The ancient Philosophers dwell constantly on the stability of the Deity, and his unchangeable nature. Accordingly one of them enquires, Ἐν ποτέρᾳ τῶν φύσιν τὸ τῶν τὸν θεὸν τακτέον; ἆρα δυνὶ ἐν γαστιμωτέρᾳ καὶ ἑδραιοτέρᾳ, καὶ ἀπηλλαγμένῃ τῦ ῥεύματος τύτυ, &c. Mav. Tyr. Diss. 1. And the assimilation to the divine Mind in this respect, they denote, by that settled tranquility which no external circumstances could shake or disturb.——Thus Seneca: Quod desideras autem magnum, summum est. Deoque vicinum; non concuti.

To these let us subjoin what two Christian Authors say on this great subject. Libertas nostra inhæret divinæ, ut exemplari, et in perpetua ejus imitatime versatur, sive ortum, sive progressum, sive consummationem ejus intueris: Libertas nostra, in ortu, est capacitas Dei. In progressu, Libertas res est longè clarior: progressus enim attenditur penes accessum hominis ad Deum; qui quidem non locali propinquitate, sed *imitatione* et *assimilatione* constat, et eâ utique *imitatione* et *assimilatione*, secundum quam, sicut Deus est sublimis, et excelsus seipso; ita homo est sublimis, et excelsus Deo, et altitudo ejus Deus est.

Consummatio denique libertatis est, cum homo in Deum, felicissimo gloriæ cælestis statu, transformatur; et Deus OMNIA ille esse incipit. Qui quidem postremus status, eo differt à priore – quippe homo tum non modo inalligatus est Creaturis, sed nec circa illas negociatur, etiam referendo in finem — nec in Creaturis se infundit, nec per illas procedit, ut faciebat cum esset viator: sed in solo Deo, et conquiescit, et effundit se placidissimè, et motus ejus, cum sit ad presentissimum, et conjunctissimum bonum, similior est *quieti* quam *motui*.

Gibieuf. De Lib. Dei, &c. l. 2. c. 14.

Thus also Epictetus — Ἰδιῶτυ γάσις καὶ χαρακτὴρ, ὀδέποτε ἐξ ἑαυτῦ προσδοκᾶ ὠφέλειαν ἢ βλάβην, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τῶν ἔξω φιλοσόφυ γάσις καὶ χαρακτὴρ, πάσαν ὠφέλειαν καὶ βλάβην ἐξ ἑαυτῦ προσδοκᾶ.

Yet though unmov'd, unmoveable remains
Th' eternal Mind, with energy eterne
He operates unceasing.* Not in Rest,
As Mortals deem Repose, finds God his bliss;
Or sits inactive on his stable Throne;
Injurious thought! injurious, as prophane
The substituting FATE, or CHANCE to rule
With Sceptre snatcht from his almighty hand;
That Blasphemy supream of power usurpt;
By Beings too Creation never saw.

No —— What he made, he blest, what blest preserves:
Rules by his word, what by his word He form'd.
Thrones, Principalities superne, below,
Of right is the Creator's — Lord of All,
He rules with Sceptre of unbounded sway.
Who can his Pow'r resist, obstruct his Will?
His Wisdom who instruct, his Goodness urge?
Who shall arraign his Justice, or impute

Ought

* Boethius expresses himself no less elegantly than philosophically, in the following address to the Deity: —

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique Sator, qui tempus ab ævo
Ire jubes, *stabilisque manens* das *cuncta moveri*;
Quem non externæ pepulerunt fingere causæ
Materiæ fluitantes opus; verum insita Summi
Forma Boni, livore carens: Tu cuncta Superno
Ducis ab Exemplo, pulchrum pulcherrimus ipse
Mundum mente gerens, similique in imagine formans.

Ought partial to his Government and Laws?
If thron'd above him ought the ſceptre ſway
Of uncontroul'd Dominion, that is God.
But who above the HIGHEST? Lord of All,
He is, He muſt be perfect, and ſupream:
Nor with him is the ſhadow of a Change.

Then triumph Angels! and exult Mankind!
Immutable your God, and fixt his Laws.
His Government unchangeable and firm.
Here Hope caſts anchor — on this ſolid Rock,
The rock of Ages, Faith ſecurely ſtands;
Stands, and defies the Tempeſts of this World:
Or ſteers 'midſt all it's Storms with eye firm fixt,
Not on the Stars, but him who made all Worlds.

The Laws of Nature not more firm, more fixt,
Invariably fixt, than Laws of Mind,
As ſure as Flame aſcends, as Bodies fall,
So Spirits riſe; and to the Parent Mind,
With energy unceaſing, ever tend.
Nor leſs on human hearts the hand divine,
It's ſacred precepts* printing deep, appears;

Than

* This is what the Ancients meant by the νόμος δημιουργικὸς, the τάξις ἐνόμος, or in the Ethnic language, the Lex nata: agreeably to that of Hierocles:

ταῦτα ὁ νομοθέτης νοῦς διαθεσμοθετεῖ ταῖς ψυχαῖς.

Than on the Tables which the flaming Mount
Of Sinai, wrapt in Clouds, midſt Thunders ſaw
To Iſrael's Sons deliver'd. — And this Law,
Tranſcendant, binds the reſt, involving all:
That Men and Angels, all created Minds,
In GOD, and GOD *alone*, ſhall find their Bliſs.*
In vain the toil to ſeek it here below.
Earth is Corruption: — Matter is impure:
In MIND, and MIND alone, the ſpring of joy:
The ſource ſincere, alone the PARENT MIND.

Mark by what ſtrong, but what eſſential ties
The ſacred Union's form'd! — Perfection there;
Here Imperfection. — There, all power poſſeſt;
All weakneſs here. — An independant God:
Dependant We; with nothing of our own,
Unable to ſupply one riſing want:
In God reſides whate'er is great and good;
What only can delight and ſatisfy:
In Us *deſire* alone of Good, the pow'r
By which it is procur'd beyond our graſp.
His the Dominion, Sovereignty, and Might,
Omnipotent Creator! Subjects We.
GOD the GREAT PARENT of the Univerſe;
And We, extatic thought! his Offspring call'd.

Hail,

* Τὸ δὲ αὐταρκὲς τίθεμεν, ὃ μονούμενον αἱρετὸν ποιεῖ τὸν βίον καὶ μηδενὸς ἐνδεᾶ.
Ariſt. de Mor. lib. 1. c. 4.

Hail, UNIVERSAL PARENT! SOV'REIGN GOOD!
The *only* GOOD! ESSENTIAL GOODNESS,* hail!
We own thy Government, confeſs thy Rule:
And willing Subjects bow before thy Throne
Which Righteouſneſs ſurrounds. From Thee alone
Can Happineſs proceed —— Our Souls are thine:
We bear thine image ſtampt upon our frame:
And human Minds confeſs the Mind divine.
And, thought not more aſtoniſhing than true,
Within the pure and holy Soul wilt dwell;
Make it thy Temple, ſhed abroad thy light†
To cheer, illuminate, exalt, refine.
To cheer midſt all the ſable clouds of Ill
Impending o'er us, as the troubl'd path
Of Life we patient tread. Illuminate,
With ſacred Rays diſpelling ev'ry doubt,
(The torture of the human Soul, which hangs
Oft on the pious, heav'n-directed Mind)

Whiſp'ring

* Si enim denominativè de eo quippiam prædicaretur, abſtractum eſſet tum aliud ab ipſo, tum ipſo prius. Quod ſanè impium eſt; quare neque ens eſt ſed eſſentia, neque bonus, ſed bonitas eſt.

Jul. Seal. Exerc. 365.

† The Platoniſts repreſent the Divine Being as Light, and call his influence by the name of illumination. There is a beautiful paſſage of M. Antoninus on this point: Σφαῖρα ψυχῆς αὐγοειδής, ὁ ταν μήτε εκτείνηται ἐπί τι, μήτε εσω συντρέχη, μήτε συνιζάνη ἀλλὰ φαῖδ λάμπηται, &c. Lib. 11.

Ὀυ γνωτικῶς, οὐδ' ἀτιλῶς, ἀλλ' ἐπιδοντας ἑαυτὸς τω θείω φωτι. Proclus in Plat. Theol.

How agreeable this to the ſacred Scriptures? See 1 Epiſt. John. Epheſ. v. James i. 1 Cor. xi. 7.

Whiſp'ring myſterious comfort, heart-felt joy.
Exalt, by previous beatific ſight *
Of Things celeſtial, Eye hath never ſeen
Or human thought, not heav'nly taught, conceiv'd.
Refine, by purging off the droſs of Senſe,
Giving ſome fore-taſte to th' enraptur'd Mind
Of Bliſs ſupernal — never fading Bliſs.

Thus cheer'd, illuminated, rais'd, refin'd,
High ſtation'd far above the miſts of Senſe,
Through boundleſs proſpects, where no riſing cloud
Obſcures the viſion, the enlighten'd Mind
Purſues with rapture, as on Seraph's wing,
And heav'n-directed flight, the PARENT MIND;
Dwelling on each Perfection: And exults
Alike in ſov'reign POWER as ſov'reign LOVE.
Sees *good* the end of Being: nought but *good*,
As flowing from th' eſſential Source of Bliſs.

That

* Theſe wiſe Men ſublimely taught, that *divine illumination* was previouſly neceſſary to *divine aſſimilation*, and that *likeneſs* to GOD could alone diſpoſe to the *beatific viſion*. So Max. Tyr. ſays, the τὸ θεῖον,, which he obſerves is liable to no ſenſe μόνῳ δὲ τῷ τῆς ψυχῆς καλλίῳ καὶ καθαρωτάτῳ, καὶ σεμνοτάτῳ, ὁρᾶδον δὲ ὁμοιότητα, &c.

Max. Tyr. apud. How.

To the ſame purpoſe is the emphatical language of Holy Writ:

In *thy* Light ſhall *we* ſee Light.

Si ergo pulchritudo divina nondum viſa, ſed ſolum credita et ſperata tantum ignem deſiderii excitat: Quid faciet cùm, remoto velo, ut eſt in ſe conſpicitur?

Bellarm. de aſcens. Mentis ad Deum. Grad. 2.

That end, the end of Wiſdom — That Deſign,
Reigning through all his Works, th' Almighty had
In his high Counſels from the firſt of Time.
Nought can He will but good — And what He wills
Muſt come to paſs — All Creatures, in degree,*
Anſwering his great idea, riſe to good
Through countleſs forms and changes: And at laſt,
Looking complacent on his mighty Works,
As on Creation's Morn he lookt, and ſmil'd,
(While ſhouted all the Sons of God for joy)

Pro-

* The Reader I am ſure will be pleas'd with the following curious Remarks of an Ancient on this ſubject; which is here given in the learned Mr. Harris's own tranſlation, from a MSS comment of Proclus on the Parmenides of Plato.

"There is therefore nothing ignoble and baſe that doth not participate of the GOOD PRINCIPLE, and hath not from thence it's origin. Should you even inſtance MATTER, you will find even that to be good; ſhould you inſtance EVIL itſelf, you will find that alſo participating of ſome Good, and no otherwiſe able to ſubſiſt, than as *colour'd by* GOOD, and partaking of it. The Opinions indeed of ordinary Men are aſhamed to refer little and contemptible things to the divine Cauſe, looking to the nature of the Subjects, not to the power of the Cauſe, and to this neceſſary Conſequence, that if it be productive of the greater effects, much more ſo is it of the inferior. But thoſe on the contrary, who are truly Philoſophers, refering all things both great and ſmall, that exiſt in the Univerſe, to a PROVIDENCE, behold nothing fit to be rejected in this MANSION of JOVE, but ALL THINGS GOOD, as having been eſtabliſhed by a Providence; and FAIR, as having been produced by a CAUSE, which is DIVINE."

The Author ſincerely wiſhes that this, with the other few quotations from the works of this excellent Scholar, and virtuous Man, may induce others to read thoſe performances of his, from which the Author himſelf hath derived ſo much pleaſure and improvement. And in illuſtration of this important Doctrine of DIVINE GOODNESS, the Author as warmly recommends the peruſal of one of the fineſt pieces of compoſition in this, or any other language he is maſter of; which is Lord Shafteſbury's Moraliſts, in the 2d vol. of the Characteriſtics, towards the end.

Pronouncing all was good; th' Almighty Sire
His awful, conſecrating nod ſhall give,
Of final Approbation: And his Sons,
The ſacred Hirarchies of Heav'n ſhall ſing
Triumphant Hallelujahs! Man ſhall join;
The Conſummation of his mighty works
Triumphant ſing, when perfected the Plan
Of ſov'reign LOVE — and GOD is ALL in ALL.

FINIS.

ON GENIUS

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an Artê,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit video Ingenium: — —

Hor. de Arte Poet.

TO

WILLIAM HAWKER ESQ.

OF

POUNDSFORD SOMERSET

DEAR SIR,

You know Me too well to ſuppoſe that I can offer undue praiſe, or flattery to any Man: and I know you too well to preſume to offer either to you. Accept therefore this addreſs with your uſual candor and goodneſs, as a public teſtimony of my high eſteem and reſpect for your Virtues and Character; and to acknowledge the great ſatisfaction I have felt, and favours I have experienced, during a long friendſhip, commenced in our early and beſt days, and which I truſt hath continued, on both ſides, unimpair'd to the preſent time: And which it ſhall ever be my endeavour and ambition to maintain, and deſerve.

With beſt wiſhes for your health and happineſs, I remain with unalterable attachment and true regard,

Dear Sir,

your ſincere, affectionate Friend,

and obliged humble Servant,

F. WEBB.

PREFACE

THE Author is fully ſenſible that in general it is no great recommendation of any work of this nature, eſpecially of ſo ſhort a performance as the following, to need an explanation. But as it is on a ſubject of no leſs elegance than difficulty, and as ſome remarks on the nature of the ſubject itſelf, and the principles on which it is treated, may explain the deſign, and lead to a full comprehenſion of it, and thereby prove an apology for the execution, if not the undertaking, with all due reſpect to the judgment of his Readers, and diffidence of his own, he begs leave to offer the few following Obſervations.

The ſubject, GENIUS, is in itſelf ſublime: the application therefore of ſublime principles in treating thereof cannot be deemed improper. The Ancients who conceived the moſt exalted ſentiments of MIND, conſider'd the exerciſe of it's powers as conſtituting Man's chief happineſs; and when immediately employed in contemplating itſelf as a part of the divine Mind, or as they taught, an emanation therefrom, to

be employed in a *god-like* manner: teaching, that pure Intellect, perfect as to being and happineſs, having no object to contemplate ſo great, ſo good, ſo happy as itſelf, muſt neceſſarily in ſuch contemplation find ſupream felicity.

The Author has conſider'd Genius not only as implying the capacity of being taught, but as conſiſting in a well-order'd ſtate of Mind, with all it's powers in due exerciſe under the controul of Reaſon and Truth; unenſlaved by Opinion, unperverted by Error, and undebaſed by Paſſion: for then, and then only, is the Mind qualified to receive proper and exalted ſatisfaction, either from the contemplation of external objects, or itſelf. In ſhort, the Ancients taught, that in order to perform *any thing* aright, the Mind muſt be in a *proper frame*: and hence it was, that by the ſame term,* they denoted One that was *happy*; or poſſeſſed of a *good Genius*. And DIOGENES LAERTIUS ſpeaks thus fully and comprehenſively on this ſubject: "*The Virtue of a happy Man, and the* "*felicity of Life is this, when all things are tranſacted in harmony* "*of a Man's Genius, with the will of him who adminiſters the* "*whole.*"

It is humbly hoped that theſe conſiderations will qualify any apparently too high wrought expreſſions concerning the excellence and purity of Character, deſcribed as the neceſſary concomitants of Genius. If any further apology be wanting, the

* Ἐυδαίμων.

the Author begs leave to offer that of the Philoſopher Chryſippus; "*That it is from the grandeur and beauty of the ſubject,* "*that we may perhaps offer things that look like fiction, not ſuch* "*as are ſuitable to Man, and Human Nature.*"

With reſpect to the actual exerciſe of thoſe powers in which Genius conſiſts, we may obſerve, that in contemplating ſenſible objects, or the quantities or qualities of things, whether of Body or of Mind, theſe are recognizible within the receſſes of the Mind itſelf: "*And theſe Treaſures of the* "*Mind* (as is elegantly obſerv'd by a profound Scholar,* to whom the World owes great obligations for his attempts to reſtore the ſtudy of the ancient Philoſophers) "*are as capable* "*of being number'd, eſtimated, and recognized, as thoſe which the* "*Miſer commits to his coffers. And the Mind thus exerciſed and* "*endowed, is poſſeſſed of that power divine, which through every* "*ſort of learning and diſcipline, renders the difference ſo con-* "*ſpicuous between one man and another.*"

Now Genius in contemplating the works of Nature, or of Art, firſt conſiders the whole, then the Genus and Species, deſcending from theſe to loweſt and minuteſt parts, or firſt principles of things. Then reaſoning upwards, it conſiders how the minuteſt parts are perfect in themſelves; how they conſpire to form that whole to which they immediately relate;

 then

* Mr. Harris.

then to the greater wholes to which by their generic and ſpecific nature they belong: and by this means clear, determinate ideas of the nature, qualities, and properties of things are obtain'd, and in what their chief excellence conſiſts, diſcover'd; and the characteriſtic, great or good, perfect or fair, aſcertain'd. Having inveſtigated theſe by contemplating the various objects in which they reſide, Genius by it's own internal power combines, alters, or applies them; thus forming an ideal whole of concentrated Excellencies, ſuperior to what exiſts in any Individual, Claſs, or Species.

In this progreſs Analogies are diſcovered in parts ſeemingly different: Union and Conſonance, where, at firſt view, nothing exiſted but diſparity and diſonance. On the other hand, Genius diſtinguiſhes differences in things apparently ſimilar; and contrarieties in ſeeming reſemblances. Thus in the works of Art, the Architect, Statuary, and Painter are led by compoſition of diſtinct ſeparate excellence to form a beautiful whole, by conceiving in their minds, and producing in their works, forms of ideal excellence; but which forms or ideas were firſt obtain'd by attentive obſervation, and diſcovery of thoſe ſcatter'd beauties and excellences which Nature hath diſpers'd through the mighty whole.

From hence we may perceive, that though rules of Art are ſubſequent to Art itſelf; yet that Art, or rather produc-

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tions of the Great Maſters of Art, led to the inveſtigation of Rules. For as their works were the effects of accurate and deep reſearches into Nature, and her apparent or concealed beauties; it was but to enquire, and inveſtigate on what principles they proceeded, and how they compleated their works, and then the Principles and Rules of the Art were diſcover'd.

Thus then it is inconteſtibly prov'd, that NATURE is the great principle in all works whatever of ART. And that whatever in *any work* is *unnatural*, cannot be GOOD or GREAT, EXCELLENT or FAIR. And this principle, when the nature, quality, and characters of the things to which it is applied, are perfectly underſtood, is the great comprehenſive CANON of *true* CRITICISM.

Theſe principles apply equally to intellectual Science; and it is here that Genius chiefly exerciſes itſelf. The objects here are infinite, the proſpects boundleſs —— But let us deſiſt, nor travel into Regions we are only to deſcribe.

It may not be improper juſt to obſerve, that when the principles above mention'd are applied to the Poetic Art, in deſcribing the works of Nature, they conſtitute the beauty of DESCRIPTIVE POETRY — when to individual Characters, and peculiar Manners, they conſtitute the chief beauty of ſmaller

pieces

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pieces of WIT, or that of the more enlarged ſort, which from it's *variety*, not as is generally conceiv'd, *peculiar nature*, is juſtly called SATYR. When Manners in general are the ſubject, or the whole of any art or ſcience is taught, this is properly ETHICAL or DIDACTIC POETRY. When the former are diverſified, and repreſented by ſuitable perſons, the DRAMA preſents itſelf: And when drawn out into a continued ſeries of Action, and a variety of Characters are introduced, the greateſt work of human Genius appears, THE EPIC.

As the Author has us'd in the following Poem the word FORMS in a peculiar as well as extenſive ſenſe, he hopes he ſhall be excus'd in making the following Obſervations.

The Ancients uſed the words MATTER and FORM, in a much more extenſive and exalted ſenſe than we generally do. The former was not only applied to things *material* and *corporeal*, but alſo to things *immaterial* and *incorporeal:* And in this ſenſe applied to the human Mind, and it's Operations; or rather to the effects of the exerciſe of it's powers, though they held the Mind itſelf incorporeal.

According to this Philoſophy of the Ancients, Objects of Nature, or of Art, are the *external material* FORMS. The ideas excited by theſe in the Mind, are the *internal imma-*

immaterial FORMS. Now as all *external material* FORMS imply *internal* and *immaterial* FORMS, as they necessarily suppose some Agent or Artist, and Agent and Artist implying Mind, and Design; they held that all *sensible external* FORMS necessarily implied the actual existence of *internal* and *immaterial* forms; which must exist in order of time to the *sensible* and *external* FORMS; though, in contemplation, the external are previous to the internal, as by the one we ascend to the other.—These *internal immaterial* FORMS then are as numerous, beautiful, various, orderly, and sublime, as are the works both of Nature and Art. Nay more; they are capable, by mental operation, of combination, separation, and addition of infinite diversity. Now as these *immaterial* FORMS are necessary previous to *corporeal* ones, "the whole visible World" (as the learned Commentator here so often quoted justly observes) "exhibits nothing more than so many passing pictures of "these immutable *Architypes*. Nay, through these it attains "even a semblance of Immortality, and continues throughout "ages to be *specifically One*, amid those infinite particular "changes that befal it every moment."

In these permanent and comprehensive FORMS "the Deity "is represented as viewing at once, without looking abroad, "all possible productions, past, present, and future. This "great and stipendous view is but a view of HIMSELF, "where all things lie envoloped in their principles and

"exem-

" exemplars as being essential to the fulness of his universal " Intellection."

By this Doctrine, or *intellectual* System, " every thing is " refer'd to the *primary mental Cause*. And here are we to " look for the origin of *intellectual ideas*, even of those which " exist in human capacities."

By this System " ALL MINDS that are were held SIMILAR " and CONGENIAL "—so too are their *ideas*, or intelligible " FORMS."——Doctrines these, sublime, important, and elevating!—And when deeply consider'd, correspondent to the views which our most holy Religion gives us, not only as to our being form'd in the divine image, but as to the divine intercourse establish'd between the Deity and Mankind. " For this Doctrine not only accounts in the only rational " way how intercourse is established between Man and Man; " but (what is of more importance) between Man and God."—Thus it is by these noble Speculations we arise from *corporeal, external forms*, to *internal* and *incorporeal ones*; and are led from contemplating the works of Nature to the contemplation of Nature's God.

What noble and exalted views does this give us of those mental faculties, by the exercise of which, in the contemplation of the works of God in the material world, and the

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inveſtigation of the Laws by which it is governed and upheld, as well as the more ſublime contemplation of our own powers, both moral and ſpiritual, we arrive at thoſe ideas, the great exemplars of which exiſt unalterable and pure in the DIVINE MIND?—How ſuperior ſhould this make Us to all corporeal gratifications that depend only on our corporeal ſenſations, which We have in common with the Brutes, dependant only on Matter? And how carefully ſhould we endeavour to exerciſe and exalt the nobler faculties of the Soul, by which we ſhall grow like ſuperior Intelligencies, and as we are allow'd by our holy Religion to aſſert, *like* unto GOD *himſelf?*

ODE

ODE

ON

GENIUS

WHO ſhall aſcend that ſacred Hill ſublime,
Where ſpher'd in glory on her radiant Throne,
TRUTH ſits ſupream, and rules the temp'rate Clime,
Where Tempeſts never riſe, or Storms are known?

On which the Airs of Paradiſe deſcend,
And oft times Spirits pure, with calm delight,
Thither their downward pinions gently bend,
And ſtay thereon well-pleas'd their angel flight?

Communion ſweet with kindred Souls to hold,
Who riſe on Contemplation's ample wing,
Above the airs of this terreſtrial mould,
And hear, and learn of Angels how to ſing?

To reach th' immortal amaranthine Crown,
  Which there is hung to grace the fav'rite brow,
Of him the Bard elect, whom Heav'n ſhall own,
  And o'er his ſhoulders the rich Mantle throw,

Of it's own texture, various in it's dyes,
  By Fancy's airy fingers richly wrought
As the bright Bow that vaults the azure ſkies,
  By whom the paſſing charms of Light are caught?

  None — None the high aſcent can gain,
  Without pure thought, and mental pain.*
No hand impure may touch that ſacred wreathe;
No breaſt profane the temp'rate ſpirit breathe
    Of Regions ſo refin'd;
But their's, who, purg'd from Earth's corporeal ſtain,
Nobly aſſert their native Climes again
    Of Spirit and of Mind.†

There

* ——————— τῶν πάντων
Πολλοῦσιν ἡμῖν πάντα γὰρ τ' ἀίσθ' οἱ θεοί. Epicharmus.

† Νοῦς ὁρᾶ καὶ νοῦς ἀκούει· τ' ἄλλα κωφὰ καὶ τυφλά. Ibid.

The Ancient Philoſophers went deep in their reſearches into the nature and proofs of Mind, it's ſpiritual immaterial Eſſence; infering from hence it's incorruptibility and immortality. They taught that it's operations were totally diſtinct from Matter. That though external material Objects were neceſſary to preſent the Species, they by no means *qualified* the *perception*. That theſe were only the *means* of operation: the act of the Soul being immediately from itſelf. And this they illuſtrate by light, and the power of

There in Regions calm and clear,
Where no Clouds obſcure the ſky,

Regions

of the bodily organ of viſion: and ſay, that although light aſſiſteth the Eye, yet it giveth not the *power* of viſion: this being in the viſual faculty itſelf. The one is an external aſſiſtant to furniſh the *means* by which the other exerts it's internal, ſelf-poſſeſſed faculty.——Vid. Nemeſs. de Anima, cap. 2.—Claud. Mamer. de ſtatu Animæ. lib. 2.—Plotinus apud Euſeb. lib. 15. cap. 21.—Damas. de Fide. l. 2. ch. 12.—And Plat. de placitis Philoſoph. l. 4. ch. 2, 3.

Ariſtotle, in his Treatiſe de Anima, reaſons with wonderful ſubtilty on this ſubject; eſpecially that part of it which relates to the *reflex* power of the Soul, by which it contemplates itſelf, reaſons on it's own nature and perfection; and that, *per ſe*, without any aſſiſtance from Matter. And there is one part of this Treatiſe which I will mention on account of the elegance, as well as ingenioufneſs of the thought.—Speaking of the difference between Material and Immaterial powers, he obſerves, that all corporeal cognoſcitive faculties ſuffer injury from too great excellence of Objects. e. g. the Eye is afflicted by the over-powering refulgence of the Sun: The Ear is wounded by violent ſounds; nay ſometimes unable to bear the repeated impulſe of thoſe of the moſt pleaſing nature: The Touch is offended by the extreme of heat, or cold, &c. But the Mind is never offended or fatigued by objects of it's contemplation, though of the moſt exalted nature. But, on the contrary, dwells on theſe with the greateſt delight; and finds it's powers not overwhelmed, but ſtrengthened and comforted thereby. And accordingly in his Ethics, he places the perfect felicity of Man in thoſe divine intuitions of the Soul, and thoſe exerciſes which have the moſt remote and refined objects for it's contemplation: and by thus reaſoning, leads us on to the great Doctrine, which He, and eſpecially the divine Plato, ſublimely taught, that by the very nature of the Soul, and the exerciſe of it's faculties, we are led up to the contemplation of the FIRST CAUSE; and that it is in ſuch ſublime contemplation the Soul finds it's ſupream delight and fruition: and by this means enjoys divine communications; ſees the PERFECT GOOD, and PERFECT FAIR; and is led into a *participation* of *divine felicity* by partaking of the *divine likeneſs*.—By the way, this reaſoning of Ariſtotle's, when underſtood, explains the paradox imputed to him, "that in underſtanding, the Soul itſelf is the object that is underſtood."——And thus it is that he ſtiles Knowledge, the REST of the MIND: not only as it is it's proper ſtation; but as by riſing in knowledge, it by degrees aſcends to the Firſt Cauſe, and only Good—the Deity himſelf: and here, and here alone, it finds repoſe. Τό γὰρ πρίμῆσαι καὶ ϛῆναι τὴν διάνοιαν ἐπίϛασθαι καὶ φρονεῖν λεγόμεθα. Ariſt. Phys. l. 7. c. 3. And again: Οὐ δὴ εἰς ἄπειρον προιόσιν, ἀλλὰ ϛήσεται πῦ καὶ ἔϛαὶ τὶ ὁ πρώτος αἴτιον ἔϛαι τῦ κινεῖσθαι. Phys. l. 7. c. 1.

See alſo Harris on the Etymologies of ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΗ, SCIENTIA, and UNDERSTANDING. Hermes, p. 368, &c.

Regions void of mortal Care,
And full of the Divinity,
Sacred Forms and Visions rise,
Seen only by their favour'd Eyes
Who from his works beneath have sought,
The hidden God, and deep in thought,
Tracing through all his works th' Almighty hand,
Not at base matter stop, or take their stand;
But mounting upwards, arduous soar,
The sacred forms of things explore;
Till all the sacred forms of these they find
From matter far, within the Parent Mind.*

The hidden bands, the sacred ties,
Of these they see with raptur'd Eyes;
Remote connections see:
From out Confusion's lab'rynth draw,
Full taught by Order's sacred Law,
Fair forms of Harmony.

Th' enlighten'd Soul to Heav'n nigh spher'd,
Where nought but Spirits pure are hear'd,

Pursues

* "The SUPREAM INTELLIGENCE which passes through all things, and which is the "same to our Capacities as light to our Eyes, this Supream Intelligence has been called "the FORM of FORMS, as being the fountain of all SYMMETRY, of all GOOD, and "of all TRUTH: and as imparting to every Being those *essential* and *distinctive* Attributes "which make it to be *itself*, and not *any thing else*."

See, as above; p. 312.

Purſues the viſions as they paſs along,
Spirits of Earth, but not from Matter ſprung;
Then inward turns it's curious Eye to find
Within itſelf rays of the Parent Mind.*

Finds, and exults that there it meet,
And hold in Converſation ſweet,
No fabled Dæmon,* but the Pow'r
That from the firſt, the natal hour,
Within the Mind itſelf had an abode,
Tho' clouds of Senſe obſcur'd the latent God.†

Rais'd,

* The Author hopes that ſuch a view of the ſubject will not be thought extravagant, when it is conſider'd, that this repreſentation is nothing more than the actual progreſs of the Mind in the acquiſition of Knowledge: and is ſo conſider'd in a ſtrict philoſophical ſenſe by the Ancients; and ſo well deſcribed by their learned Commentator: from whoſe valuable works he tranſcribes what follows:

"It is on theſe *permanent* PHANTASMA that the human Mind firſt works, and by an "Energy as ſpontaneous and familiar to it's Nature, as the ſeeing of Colours is familiar "to the Eye, it diſcerns at once, what in MANY is ONE; and what in things DISSIMILAR "and different is SIMILAR and the SAME. By this it comes to behold a kind of "SUPERIOR Objects; a new race of PERCEPTIONS, more comprehenſive than *thoſe* "of SENSE; a race of Perceptions, each one of which may be found intire and whole "in the ſeparate Individuals of an infinite and fleeting Multitude, without departing "from the unity and permanence of it's own Nature."

See Hermes, p. 360, &c.

Hence we ſee not only the proceſs by which we arrive at general ideas, and intellectual truths; but alſo how, from our perceptions, we are led through the whole of Science, till we aſcend to the ſummit of all; and contemplate the DIVINE MIND itſelf.

† Λόγισμος δὲ καὶ νοῦς, ὑκίτι ταῦτα σώματι δίδωσιν ἀυλὰ, καὶ γαρ τὸ ἔργον ἀυλῶν ὑ δὲ ὀργάνων τελεῖται τῦ σώμαλος ἐμπόδιον χαρτθῦτο, εἴτις ἀυλῶ ἐν ταις σκέψεσι προσχεῦτο.

Plot. Ennead. 4. lib. 3.

Rais'd, enlighten'd, hence it draws
Rapt'rous Scenes from Nature's laws,
And mental Images appear,
Which paſs unknown, unnotic'd by
Th' unconſcious beam of vulgar eye,
As ſhadow of a ſhade, or unſubſtantial Air.
Then Reaſon, Empreſs of the Soul,
Ruling all with ſov'reign ſway,
Lifts her rod of high controul,
And Fancy's looſen'd Bands obey:
Marſhal'd in juſt array they take their ſtand,
Confeſs her ſway, and own her high command.

Before her ſteady Eye, in various dreſs,
And numberleſs the living Manners riſe;
In mazy error led by wild Exceſs,
Opinion's wanton child of jaundic'd eyes:
Yet ſome ſhe ſees in chaſteſt robes array'd,
Led willing on by Virtue, temp'rate Maid:
On theſe the Goddeſs ſmiles with looks ſerene;
They own, and bow before the ſov'reign Queen.

Not ſo the vagrant Paſſions riſe,
Various as Tints that daſh the Skies.
In tumult how the buſy Throng
Promiſcuous join, and ruſh along!

Nor

Nor heed her eye, nor liſten to her tongue,
Tho' angel eloquence thereon be hung.
Yet all She calmly views amidſt the ſtrife
Of Mortals nurſing paſſions into life.
Sees them uſurp her ſov'reign power,
And reign the Tyrants of an hour:
Then travels deep their various ſource to find,
And ſees each ſpring that moves the active Mind.

Souls thus refin'd ſhall Genius bleſs,
And in them kindle all his flame:
Thus rais'd, thus raptur'd to exceſs,
They worthy bear the Poet's name.

To Them, in all her beauties fair,
Nature ſtands reveal'd to view;
They ſee with viſion bright, and clear,
Whate'er her magic pencil drew.*

And

* The Intellect, operating without paſſions and affections, ſtays not *within itſelf*, but paſſes out (as it were) to ſome external operation. 'Tis thus that NATURE, conſidered as an *efficient cauſe*, may be called the ENERGY *of* GOD, ſeen in the various Productions that repleniſh and adorn the World.

And mimic Art,* with all her mines,
The radiant Graces by her ſide,
Her willing ſelf to Them reſigns,
Her hand, her Inſtruments to guide.

Inform'd by theſe the Canvas lives,
By Fancy's aid, the Marble breathes,
And Heroes ſtand confeſt:
Thus are preſerv'd each patriot Name
On columns of eternal Fame,
And Tablets by her hand impreſt.

In Greece ſhe rul'd with ſov'reign ſway,
In matchleſs majeſty and grace:
Nor ſhall her ſacred Forms decay,
Or Time her mighty works deface.

Still her majeſtic Columns riſe,
Her Temples emulate the ſkies:
Spite of Barbaric Rage, and Papal Pow'r,
Ruin her ſacred forms ſhall ne'er devour;

Nor

* 'Tis thus that ART, conſider'd as an *Efficient Cauſe*, may be call'd the ENERGY *of* MAN, which imitates in it's operations the plaſtic power of Nature.

Harris's Philoſoph. Arrangements.

Nor Tyranny, with iron rod,
Deſtroy thoſe precious relicts left by Art,
Or daſh the pleaſures which her forms impart;
Or ruin Fanes ſo worthy of the God.

Thus GENIUS on his choſen Sons
Hath ever breath'd his living fires:
Through all their works the ſpirit runs
Which charms, enobles, and inſpires.

MÆONIDES the firſt in Name,
The Leader of the Band of Fame,
Snatch'd from Apollo's ſacred Tree
The Epic Trump, and rais'd it high:
The fall of ILION reacht the ſky;
The blaſt breath'd Immortality.

MARO next, with cautious hand,
Swept the Lyre, and led the Band,
While ROME the Image ſtood
Of the whole World's admiring eyes:
With Majeſty he wore the prize:
Apollo heard his Song, pronounc'd it good.

Boaſt,

Boaſt, Britain! boaſt thy MILTON's Name!
Of equal Glory, equal Fame;
"*Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns who dar'd*
"*Preſume,*" and ſacred Seraphs heard
Sweep with extatic joy each Lyre,
And caught from them his ſacred fire;
Who, matchleſs in his Song ſublime,
Hath ſeiz'd the wreathe, which hoary Time
Shall never blaſt — His honors ne'er ſhall die:
His Song, and Name, boaſt Immortality.

Nor while the Tragic Muſe ſhall tread
The Stage, ſhall SHAKESPEAR bow his head
To Bards of Grecian fame:
His all the Pow'rs that charm the Soul,
His all the Pow'rs that Man controul.
Thrice honour'd Bard and Name!
The various Paſſions of the Mind,
Whether the ſimple or combin'd,
He ſaw, and trac'd —— Nor did the Muſe
Of comic ſmile, her aid refuſe;
She ſhew'd him all her charms:
Her graver Siſter look'd, and ſmil'd;
Both own'd him for their fav'rite child,
Both nurs'd him in their arms.

Both

Both often pointed at thoſe Seats ſublime,
Where rival Greece beheld her own,
Her fav'rite Sons* in her own clime,
Both ſeated on their ſainted Throne.
While emulous, they each unbind,
And offer to their kindred Mind,
Their Wreathes, his high-borne forehead to embrace;
And point a vacant Throne of higher place.

Whether, by various rules of Art,
To touch the Soul, or warm the Heart;
To pleaſe the Eye, delight the Mind,
With objects ſimple, pure, refin'd;
To ſound ſublime the Epic Strain,
Or ſing like Mantua's rural Swain;
Like Flaccus charm, or with the rage
Of Juvenal, chaſtiſe the Age:
To rear the Fane, the Column raiſe,
To gain a Name of deathleſs praiſe:
Whate'er the Work, howe'er deſign'd
To reach the Soul, or charm the Mind;
In vain the toil, unleſs with ſacred fire,
GENIUS the hand direct, the breaſt inſpire.

What

* Sophocles and Euripides.

What tho' my Muſe attempt the lofty Song?
Her pinions tremble as ſhe glides along.
With ſaint-like hope, and humble eye,
She only views the diſtant ſky,
She points the high aſcent to endleſs Fame;
Nor dares with Bards of old to join her Name.

Her humble taſk along the laureat Vale,
Near banks ſecure, in little Bark to ſail:
To others leaves the Main, in hopes to find
The Golden Prize — The ARGONAUTS of MIND.

What cannot GENIUS prompt, what not perform?
The Ocean view unmov'd, unmov'd the Storm.
With ample wing of Morning it can ſweep
The trackleſs Deſart, and the raging Deep.
Ride on the Clouds ſecure midſt all the Winds,
And midſt the Storm it's heav'n-born vigour finds.
Then reſting on ſome holy hill,
Of Inſpiration drinks it's fill;
Recruits it's pow'rs — when gliding from it's Sphere,
In ſacred whiſpers to the Poet's ear,

Sweet

Sweet as a Prophet's viſion, doth unfold
What ſainted Breaſts have felt, but never told:
What Bards to Us with ſparing hand have giv'n,
Of lib'ral gifts beſtow'd on Them by Heav'n.

11 7 49

FINIS.